

Rim og Begrunnelse

by Fencing Supplies

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Fantasy

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-04-28 05:31:29

Updated: 2013-10-20 04:46:18

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:27:12

Rating: T

Chapters: 19

Words: 20,620

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Every reason has a rhyme, glimpses at alternatives and their counterparts with nursery rhyme accomplices.

1. One for Sorrow

These things, this life- they don't like going smoothly.

Sometimes Ruffnut feels like she's got too much energy. Constantly, she feels like she's torrid, buzzingâ€¦ radioactive.

One for sorrow,

The first person she kills, it's a fat stranger with oily hair and chunky rings.

It's in grief and remorse. In tears that blur your vision and it is along the coast, where the jackass wind does not care for the blunt trauma you're suffering in these soul shredding moments. It's the apocalypse to you, but the wind does not care. It is making your hair lash and draw blood from your scrunched and confused face.

She does not like to give details about that kill. The closet anyone has ever got is the old fisherman who found her, crumped and covered in blood. Another's blood. She blubbers and cries- "He deserved it. He deserved it! He killed him!"- this is all that they know.

Two for joy,

The second person she kills, it's a young boy under five who was rosy, bucktoothed and cheeky.

It's a stupid, well-meaning offer to her Aunty, weighed down with pregnancy and four young children. She volunteers to take the two eldest out into the meadows. To give the women at least some peace; two less toddlers to worry about.

The children don't want to just race insects in the flowery farmer fields; they want to explore the woods. They want to explore the caverns and waterfalls, the things that Mothers and Fathers always forbid them against.

Ruffnut agrees because, well, they have all got the same grotesque rebellious streak and they are all rather young. The sister dares the brother to climb a tree. He gets up high, but wants to go right to the top.

You know the _top_. The top where the air is colder and the branches couldn't hold a bird let alone a Viking.

He falls.

Ruffnut had heard the boy's branch snap. She had known that she was too far away to even try catching the child, so she did the best thing possible. She clapped her hands over the young sister's ears and turned the child's face away. Because Ruffnut remembers, the crunch and the scream are worse than the images.

She chose to lead the shell shocked child home, so young, so young it could be possible that she won't even remember. But Ruffnut knew, and everyone knew when she got into town and delivered the news, that it was at the price of the boy. He would be eaten by now, especially since night had just fallen.

Ruffnut takes full responsibility for the death, because, she killed him. She wanted to take two children off the worn mother's hands for a day, but instead she took one permanently.

Three for a girl,

The third person she kills, it's not a person really, it's a dragon. But it's intelligent and it screams so it's a killing in her eyes.

It's a yellow hued dragon with gorgeous green fire. Dragon's, just like humans, have their criminals and psychopaths. There is nothing much heroic or unfortunate to this killing, the only thing being that she was protecting the life of a seven year old at the time. It was the sister from her second killing. The irony cuts deep.

One could - no- some _did_ say that it was her repayment to the family. She was responsible for the loss of one of their children and now she had saved the life of another. Ruffnut does not like to get philosophical or spiritual about life. She is a very straightforward Viking. Though, she has a special hate for some mystical sayings and things after this third killing. Like when people think that grudges continue on, even after rebirth. That you can "recognised" this "reborn" someone by just looking "into" their eyes.

That brothers are hunting you down in revenge for a childish dare. She thinks its stupid, so she tells the girl that.

Four for a boy,

The fourth person she kills, it is just images, of chain mailed and war painted warriors.

It's really, actually, a lot of taken lives all taken in one tumbled. A huge war. There is not much to say on this killing either. It was just duty. Just war, where killing is heroic for a brief time.

There are factors that make it worse though; that it was the honourable thing at the time, that she is celebrated for those actions, that she didn't even know them, that they are just faces and so she has to image their names and their lives and their families. All done, just on the word of Hiccup. They killed so many for just one person.

In his name, these acts, and she sees that it has changed the man, the deaths are on his conscious and they weigh him down, they sit on his shoulders, nibbling and making his tender ears and cheeks bleed from their hysterical scratches. Everyone did it for their chief, all for their village.

Died and killing and, in general, lost their sanity altogether.

Five for silver,

The fifth person she kills is a gnarly old lady who has lived her life away in a hut, brewing soups and cursing people who come too near.

It's that she has stolen Ruffnut's silver ring, _her silver ring_. The old woman was nasty and she was mean and she was rude.

"You mean this ring? Well you can't have it! I found it, so it's mine, no you can't have it! Mine!" Old people die so easy, especially when you are a small women used to fighting iron clad brutes. She really was sorry, butâ€¦

Accidents happen.

Six for gold,

The sixth person she kills is a rich business man who wanted her to be his mistress.

It's just that he _lavishes_ her with jewels and fine fabrics, trying to win her over and buy her affections. She sees this neat little profit she could make and so takes him up on his offer. By the fifth month she had amassed boxes full of fine, expensive wares. She decided that it was sufficient enough for her liking, more than sufficient actually (she had gotten a bit greedy in the end there) and breaks the relationship with the filthy man.

Of _course_ by break she meant cut and by cut she meant slice and by slice she meant his neck. It would just be terrible if the pig started to brag about her, his most "dangerous mistress" by far.

Indeed, he really didn't know exactly who he had been truly dealing with. Did he now?

Seven for a secret

The seventh person she kills is a-

Never to be told.

* * *

><p>"One for Sorrow" is a traditional children's nursery rhyme about magpies. According to an old superstition, the number of magpies one sees determines whether one will have bad luck or not. This particular version is used in the counting crows song "A Murder of One." In Ireland, it is common to recite "Five for a wedding".

2. Oranges and Lemons

If you dare ask, to be taken to the Vikings, the only answer you shall get is a rude one.

"Oranges and Lemons," Say the bells of St Clements.

"No sailor with a boat will take you there."

Sea washed men who work at the docks, piling ropes and waiting for fish to snag on the hooks.

The fish were few this winter.

"You owe me five farthings," Says the bells of St Martin

"You'll have a better chance of swimming from our shore to theirs."

If you look close enough you will see, fingers that have been broken from pulling in heavy nets, fumble, and skin that has been burned by the sun, tighten.

Rising memories of how hairy men, who welded heavy steel, had invaded their homes.

"When will you pay me?" Say the bells of Old Bailey

"What about Haddock? He's weak to the sound of coins in his palm, wills surly take you."

Planks of salty wood clanked as feet moved and hands that never got to experience gentleness pointed the traveller off to the middle of the town.

Remember when the lightning struck, but no thunder would rumble?

"When I grow rich," Says the bells of Shoreditch.

"You can promise me the worlds over, but I will never take you there, to thoseâ€| barbarians."

Even the hardest of armour is only as strong as its weakest point. The sound of money to a desperate man will wear him down eventually; the promise of those small steel circles will haunt him when he cannot afford to keep himself.

Remember when we thought that freedom was without hardship?

"When will that be?" Says the bells of Stepney

"Two days from now, we will be docking where you want to go. You just stay and wait while I get you there."

The timber boat sways against cruel waves and gale force winds scream when they rush past frost bitten ears. Clouds darken the sky, folding, darkening, and churning- so much like the sea beneath the flacking hull of the sail boat.

Remember when you use to be able to touch the sky?

"I'm sure I don't know," Says the great bell of Bow.

"Git, no visitors come here. Git, before I burn your boat on fire- we are no tourist attraction!"

The Viking Island is as described, arriving in the night softens the opinion no littler. Cliff and marsh is all the island is and muscle and mane are all the people are. Crude buildings that look like driftwood nailed together, pits of fires and a village built with battle in mind. The man, Haddock, who brought you hear grinds his teeth together and refuses to come off his boat.

Memories emerge and he shrinks back in case they remember too.

Here comes the candle to light you to bed, here comes the chopper to chop off your head, chip chop, chip chop, the last man's head!

You left the black beast to sink into the ocean, you left him to drown. So his rider left you, left you to defend yourself in a war you could never win.

* * *

><p>The words of the nursery rhyme are chanted by children as they play the game of 'Oranges and lemons' the end of which culminates in a child being caught between the joined arms of two others, emulating the act of chopping off their head.<p>

The reason for the sinister last three lines of the lyrics of "Oranges and lemons" are easily explained, they were added to the original rhyme by children to make the game for exciting. This addition dates to some time before 1783 when the infamous public execution gallows was moved from Tyburn-gate to Newgate, a notorious prison for both criminals and debtors hence "When will you pay me?"

3. Handy Spandy

Handy Spany, Jack-a-dandy, loves plum cake and sugar candy. He brought some at the corner shop and out he came, hop, hop, hop!

Fishlegs found out early in his childhood, that everything was fascinating. In the way that you are fascinated by how your Mother

can sit down with your definitely torn jacket and turn it into something worthy of being called new, even though she only had needle and threads and some tea towels to patch up holes.

Mothers, he had reasoned, were something he could think hard about when he was older. He had decided, for now, that she must do something when he blinked. Even though he loved mothers, he felt that they were a very exclusive and coded society that he would never really be able to become involved in.

He was also fascinated by the way that Fathers could yell so loudly, whether it be when they have to get a sore treated or are singing in the Mead Hall with all their "buddies" that crowd around. They talk as if the people listening are on the other side of the village instead of just across the table.

Fathers, he had reasoned, were something that he could put off learning about until he was older. They were so big, he worried that they would forget he was there and side swipe him accidentally as they are doing one of their hand gestures when they talk about how big the boar they had killed last hunt was.

Another thing that fascinated him was the Mead Hall, the first time he had gone there, it was full. As full as you could ever get, every single resident, everywhere. Back then, when he looked at the Mead Hall, it seemed infinite. Afterwards, as it was getting dark, he went back with his father who had forgotten his axe, and there wasn't a sole inside the Hall. Hollow like the inside of a skeleton, dark and silent and nothing. He doesn't think he would forget that moment, when everything felt a little bit unbalanced for a while.

Buildings, he reasoned, were something that he wasn't ready to try and figure out just yet. They expanded and contracted, and to him, were like pockets sown into a coat. They could be empty, so they are then thin and small. Then they can be full, so they are bulky and big.

The things that fascinated him could go on, on and on until he ran out of ink and parchment.

- Rain falling
- Waves swelling
- A sheep having babies
- Smithy shaping steel
- Doctors fixing wounds
- Glass making colours
- Moon changing shape
- Vikings fighting dragons
- Dragons fighting Vikings

What fascinated him the most, and what changed his perspective on the world, was cooking and baking. The bread, pies, soups, cakes, fish

and all the different ways you can cook one egg, everything could be made from something else, something you wouldn't really have thought of.

It's what the voyages to other lands and the goods that the merchants brought to back to their Viking village that really stumped him. Spices, candy, sugar, fruits... endless upon endless possibilities.

He would sit out on the dock and wonder at what was beyond the horizon that was always hazed out by rain or snow, seeing all the different plants and animals goods that were brought to them, there must be so much. The stories the travellers told didn't help his new ambition die away either.

He wanted to become a trader, a merchant, a travellers, a finder, a forager and even a scout, whatever got him moving, whatever got him seeing more and more fascinating things. He didn't want to stay on one island and become a good Viking and get a good wife and has good kids who then become good Vikings.

There was more, so much more, and that was what fascinated him above all. The probability that no matter how far he goes, he will never be able to see it all.

He reasoned, that when he gets older he will climb aboard one of the Vikings traveller ships and sail with them. Satisfy his intoxication desire to experience or even just glimpse, what was out there for himself. Then he will come back, and settle down, maybe write a book about it all.

When he was flying on the Gronkle, following Astrid who was perched upon the Nader, towards the Queen Dragon. He wondered if, after this was done, he could leave to travel like he wanted. This dragon was his boat, but even better, _only dragon with the capabilities to hover, five shots, brawn over brains, poor with aerodynamics_ he started ticking it over in his head, it didn't sound too grand, but they could travel when there was no wind , unlike the boats, they could shoot fire and dodge attacks, unlike the boats. Then the dragon turned its head to glance at him, and he was sure that there was a whole new side of facts to look into, _smooth flight motion, concern for others, rarely daunted, trusting._

Maybe it was time to leave the village, maybe it was about time to try and do what he really wanted.

Maybe he should wait until he's a bit older.

* * *

><p>This old children's nursery rhyme 'Handy Spandy Jack-a-dandy' has no specific association but riddicules those considered to be a fop or a dandy. The most famous dandy of them all was Beau Brummell (1778-1840) who was a courtier of the Prince Regent who became King George IV (1762 - 1830). Beau Brummell enjoyed high living and fine clothes and was credited with having set the fashion for trousers rather than breeches. He overspent and fled from his creditors to France where he died in poverty in a lunatic asylum.<p>

4. Little Elephant

One elephant went out to play, upon a spiders web one day. He though it was such a tremendous stunt that he called for another little elephant.

The Viking children weren't as cautious around the new found dragon neighbours as the adults. The older generations, their parents in particular, could still see blood and screams when they looked closely at a dragon. They could tell that the adults tried hard to move past it, but it stunk, stunk like days old fish.

It was noticeable, how if a dragon moved passed they would grip their children a bit tighter than before. The instinct to protect and destroy was ingrained into the adults, and the children were sure that their parents worried that dragons still felt the same way when they walked alongside the Vikings. If they still felt exposed when they had their back turned or had to hold back the need to strike out when they were surprised, either by a sales person singing out their prices or by a cart rattling too close. Never trust, never trusted, never trusting.

The children though, when a Nightmare slinked past, just stared in awe. Sometimes the dragon could block out the Sun and cast everything around it into shadows, they were mythical in the children's eyes.

Two elephants went out to play, upon a spiders web one day. They though it was such a tremendous stunt that he called for another little elephant.

You wouldn't be able to understand the fall extend of a mothers terror when she casually looked out a window to see her toddler, who should have been playing in the mud like she had been begging for, trying to catch the flicking tail of a Nader.

The way that it sat, hunched like the families cat just before it would pounce out at feet from under the stairs. Then it moved, and it pinned her daughter to the ground, its claws locked around the exposed torso and there were screams. She dropped the plate she had been drying then, throwing herself to the door, she use to be on the front lines when the dragons raided, she should have know that they couldn't have been trusted. Couldn't be trusted, they were savage, every last one, like wolves- no, like demons.

Then the dragon bended down so its mouth was right next to the child's face. How big it was next to the girl was stark and her feet moved faster than they ever had, panic, adrenaline, and most of all dread, the sick feelings gathering and churning in her stomach.

It was if it was playing with its prey, torturing it with the fact that its life was over. Drawing its head back and then bringing it close, like it was deciding whether it was going to eat it or not. Slow and succulent or fast and flavorful? Taking its paw off the child, so that she could have rolled away, before snapping its claws back over. All the while her child screamed. Never trust, never trusted, never trusting.

_Three elephants went out to play, upon a spiders web one day. The web went crack, the web went crack, and all of a sudden they came

running back._

She had no weapon, but she was far from useless. Any mother, trained for the battlefield or not would have run and struck the dragon without two thoughts.

Her child, claws, horns, teeth, scales, screams, blood, death

So much power and sheer panic went into her strike that the entire dragon moved with the force, it squawked in shock and she hoped there was pain in its eyes. It rolled out its wings as she drew back her fist again, ready to lunge. It moved first though, and was up meters into the air before she could make contact. Watching it retreat across the field, she was left panting and frozen. Then her daughter whimpered, and reality came back in a snap. Dropping to the ground on her knees, scooping up the child, there was no wounds or scratches but if it would have gone on for one moment longer, she knew what it would have ended with. No doubt her child was terrified, she would likely never recover from the experience, it's alright though, they could work through this. Holding her child in her arms, tight to her chest. Never trust, never trusted, never trusting.

"But Mum, I was having fun playing with the dragon."

She wasn't screaming... she was laughing?

* * *

><p>This nursery rhyme originates from France, (Un Ã©léphant se balançait) where the first verse goes...<p>

One elephant was swinging

>On a web, web, web, a spider's web,
It was such a fun game, so much fun

>That he called... a second elephant.<p>

It has also been adopted as a Mexican rhyme, (Un elefante se balanceaba) where it has changed to go...

An elephant stood on the web of a spider,

>She felt it was strong, it couldn't be tighter.
Along came her friend, she called to invite her.

>Two elephants stood on the web of a spider.<p>

5. Old King Cole

Old King Cole was a merry old sole, and a merry old sole was he. He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl and he called for his fiddlers three.

She was referred to as "_Mother Green_" and as the buzzing of her hive surrounded her, she felt a strange swelling. Not happiness, not pride; it was something unrecognisable, to her at least. She finds that all she can hear day and night, is the humming. The chanting of her hive, they don't know why they do it, but she does. Those warbles are what parent dragons do to calm their young. The hive around her, instinctively start up the coon. Something stirs deep in them and they just must, must keep her calm, must keep her happy.

"Chant," a voice must murmur in their ears. "Whisper, whirl and wiz for your life."

For their lives most diffidently do depend on them making her content.

Every fiddler had a fiddle and a very fine fiddle had he; Twee tweedle Dee, tweedle Dee went the fiddlers.

Oh, there was none so rare, as could compare, with King Cole and his fiddlers three.

Her senses were mummified, by them. After all that time sitting in the dark, sight gone. Listening to nothing but the ring, hearing gone. Feeling nothing but hard rock pressed up against you, feeling gone. Smelling nothing but scales and the dragon's frightened sweat, smell gone. The only thing that stayed and never left her was taste. Sheep today, cow- very good, whale- adventurous, rat- they had better be a hatchling- oh, they aren't? How sad.

Something amazing happened when she stretched out her neck to swallow the weak one, she could smell. Smell like fire searing. she was alive, her blood was flowing, her eyes defogged, her muscles tensed after what seemed like eternity, she was awake from a slow killer she hadn't realised was steadily bringing her to death.

She could smell human. Life resumed meaning, and after the glorious flurry that was caused, she realised that this was not her place. When the moon was new she will take flight and leave this tormenting hole. She would go back to the ways before all this, back to fighting and scaring, back to thrills and wild hunts. She waited to the new moon, when she would be at her most powerful and able to establish her next territory without fear of over take or back lash from other mothers. No one can defeat her on the new moon, not even the mightiest.

One day before the departure, one day before the new moon, they attacked her.

What her hive had done, to keep her calm, sent her to her death instead. All she had to fight by was her taste, the sudden shock of different smells over loaded her system. The humans didn't relies this, they thought they were actually taking her down, getting their hands on top when the fight went pear shaped. The dragons did know, and she was sure they trembled. Fighting off taste alone, the Green Mother was nothing but pure terror and awe.

And if those humans could have understood what she screamed as she fell out of the heavens. They wouldn't have been as carefree as they had been after her defeat. Care free? How could you call their reactions care free? Next to what they could have been, they were as light as daisies, to her at least.

As she was falling from the clouds that billowed around her, sinking back to where a place had been waiting with her name on it for eternity. She screamed at her hive members she screeched, she howled, she wailed.

"I see you there shall I? I see you come, I decree. I have gotten out before, I can, I will, do it again if I must, then so be!" Death was

making her groggy and hysterical.

As she hit the ground and com busted (hell had waited for her too long and couldn't resisted taking her the moment she was within their range)

"Like breathing." She hissed, quiet and slow like steam, almost not heard over the crackle of the flames. Breathing, though, was rather hard to do right now.

They didn't know, there was no way she would dare to bribe herself out of the graves, the tombs, the trenches of Hell again. Because she was scared, she was dead scared.

She was scared of the _Black Father_.

* * *

><p>The origins of the Nursery rhyme lyrics of Old King Cole are based in history dating back to 3rd century. There is considerable confusion regarding the origins of Old King Cole as there are three possible contenders who were Celtic Kings of Britain, all who share the name Coel (which is the Celtic word for the English word Cole).<p>

Coel Godhebog (Cole the Magnificent - The Romans had conquered Britain during this period and Coel Godhebog was a member of the Senate in Ancient Rome)

Coel Hen (Old Cole- rules during the time of the decline in Roman power over Great Britain as the Romans officials abandoned Britain and returned to Italy which was under attack by the Goths)

St. Ceneu ap Coel (St. Ceneu ap Coel was the son of Coel Hen. Ceneu appears to have been made a Saint because he upheld the old Christian ways against pagan invaders. He used Saxon mercenaries to help with this quest. He was named in the Historia Regum Britanniae as attending the coronation of King Arthur who became the 'One King' of the Britons.)

6. The House

This is the house that Jack built.

Repair after war

Buildings keep families safe

Not many trees left

This is the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

Salty meat lye lost

Forgotten food is wasting

Starting to smell bad

_This is the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack

built._

Green fire breather

Finds the meat and eats it up

Lizard now feed well

This is the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Green fire breather

Is chased by warrior man

Stomach full but dead

This is the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Teeth can bite through them

Armour no help to human

Mother soon be feed

This is the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Dragon caught in trap

Let it go it seemed not wrong

Hope no one saw that

This is the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Girl asked farmer things

If he showed mercy to beast

Interrogation

This is the man all tattered and torn, that kissed the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Wounded from the raid

Kissed girl who made head feel right

Liked her more and more

_This is the priest all shaven and shorn, that married the man all tattered and torn, that kissed the maiden all forlorn, that milked

the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built._

Future chief and girl

Married outside the grave yard

Early in the morn

This is the farmer sowing his corn, that kept the cock that crowed in the morn, that waked the priest all shaven and shorn, that married the man all tattered and torn, that kissed the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Planting pumpkin crops

Son woke priest who was asleep

If not would been late

* * *

><p>Haiku (noun)<p>

A Japanese poem of seventeen syllables, in three lines of five, seven and five.

An English imitation of this.

The dragons of Japan have three toes on each leg and spines along their backs, their breath turns into clouds which can produce rain or fire. They tend to live in lakes and springs and considered demi-gods, the creators of rain but only allowed to go to heaven for short amounts of time.

7. Oh, Where?

Oh where, oh where, has my little dog gone? Oh where, oh where can he be?

"Dragon food! Dragon food! Come and get your dragon food! Raw and on the bone, just how they like it!"

"Scale clipping been a hassle? No need to worry, no need to stress, buy this deluxe scale clipping kit!"

"If your teething hatchlings are making you pull your locks out, then buy this! Your arms shall never be mulled again!"

Wanted: Duo to help our fishermen with the nets. We recommend Gronkle and Thunder drums. Pay seven Jimmies and 2% of whatever we catch that day.

Wanted: Mothering dragons to help incubate abandoned eggs and teach hatchlings how to fly. We recommend that the dragon has all ready raised a clutch. Volunteer work.

Wanted: Quadroon to survey islands tree regrowth after the winter blizzards. We recommend Change wings and Bee eaters. Pays hundred Eddies for the entire job.

Decider Quiz

Do you like flying?

1: Super altitude! Super tricks! Flying is super!

2: I love flying

3: As long as nothing scary happens

4: Absolutely not

What do I think of a dragon as?

1: Super-stunt lizard!

2: I love dragons

3: They are fine, as long as they aren't mean

4: I don't like dragons

What did you get on the test you did just before this one?

1: Energetic nitwit

2: Energetic sissy

3: Conservative nitwit

4: Conservative sissy

How scared am I of dragons?

1: I'm super NOT scared!

2: No way

3: Tends

4: Alot

Add your scores and get yourself a total.

4-6

Devilish Dervish, Driller Dragon, Doom fang, Flesh fang, Hideous Zuippleback, Leviathorgan, Monstrous Nightmare, Polar Serpent, Rage blasts, Rocket Ripper, Skrill, Skullion, Terror fang, Toxic Nightshade, Typhoomerang, Water dragon, Whispering death.

7-9

Bone Knapper, Bull rougher, Burrowing Slither fang, Chicken poxer, Deadly Nadder, Fire Dragon, Gorgenghast, Lava Lout, Raptor tongue,

Scauldron, Sky Dragon, Stealth dragons, Sticky worm, Thunder drum, Tongue twister, Wind walker, White dragon.

10-13

Change wing, Electric squirm, Flash fang, Giant Bee Eater, Grimler, Gronkle, Horrors, Marsh tiger, Monstrous Strangulator, Mood Dragon, Poison Darter, Puff Nadder, Ramming Roller, Sharkworm, Slither hawk, Sniffer Dragon, Squealer, Stink dragon, Venomous Vorpent.

14-16

Basic Brown, Blubber Wing, Breath quencher, Common or Garden, Cuckoo, Dream Serpent, Glow Worm, Loafer, Nano Dragon, Red-hot Itchy worms, Sabre-Tooth Driver Dragon, Short wing Squirrels, Side winder, Terrible terror, Vampire dragon.

Species to be avoided:

Dark breather, Exterminator, Murderous Dragon, Night Fury, Poisonous Piffle worm, Scarer, Seadragonus Gigantic Maximus, Steam dragon.

With his ears cut short and his tail cut long, oh where, oh where can he be?

* * *

><p>Septimus Winner (11 May 1827 - 22 November 1902) was an American songwriter of the 19th century. He is also the composer of the songs Ten Little Indians (published as Ten Little Niggers) and the Three Stooges song "Swinging the Alphabet".

In 1862, Winner was arrested for treason because he wrote and published a song entitled "Give Us Back Our Old Commander: Little Mac, the People's Pride". It concerned General George B. McClellan, whom President Abraham Lincoln had just fired from the command of the Army of the Potomac. McClellan was a popular man, and his supporters bought more than 80,000 copies of the song among them in its first two days of publication. Winner was in deep disgrace, and was only released from arrest after promising to destroy all of the remaining copies.

Getting these rhymes from a big, thick book that has been floating around my house for years.

8. Hush, Hush

Hush, the waves are rolling in,

Astrid muses as she turned the silver taps above the bath; it went back to when they were both just snotty nosed children playing in the school yard. She was the kid that cut her name into the desks with a pair of scissors; he was the boy that never paid attention in class. Back when their priorities were different, back when he wasn't teased for being scrawny and sheltered, because they were all scrawny and sheltered.

Today was Hiccup's funeral. She had refused to attend.

_White with foam, white with foam, _

It had been a big class, over forty, nearly all were fisherman daughters or farmer sons. So the stigma was not there, no one cared about the fact that he couldn't play hockey very well or that he didn't like to see people being bullied. No one glanced sideways at him.

"Can I play too?" Everyone liked playing with him because he never teased them when they messed up. Astrid remembered accidentally tearing a hole in her page, she was that mad; you were supposed to tease people, it's how Vikings became tough.

"Could you help me with this?" Everyone liked working with him because he only chuckled when they did foolish things. She used to turn red, when people are foolish you treat them like a fool, it's how Vikings became strong.

"Can I eat with you?" Everyone liked sitting with him because he had good jokes and shared his lunch when you forgot your own. Hiccup Haddock was a despicable boy who had no respect for her, his, their, culture.

It had infuriated her back then, her hands always balled in fists whenever she saw him. That boy didn't have a bad bone in his body, just what type of Viking did he aspire to be? I certainly couldn't be a dragon fighting one. Probably bread making or small home repair; knowing him.

"You got to be mean to last in this world," her Daddy had always said at the table, sometimes cracking a chicken bone in his hand to emphasise his point; sometimes though it was a salt shaker or fork, so he usually earned himself a smack across the head from his beloved wife. Astrid pinched her father's jacket, not sure if such a huge person would be able to see all the way down to her. It was uncommon for her to directly address her father. All her effort went to hauling at the outfit in her tiny fist; even then it took some time for him to notice her.

"There is a person in my class that isn't mean or tough at all." Her fury for Hiccup came out in her profoundly scowling expression, but her baby fat prevented frown lines and she hadn't yet mastered the ability to set her jaw at the angel that spoke at length of vehemence, so she just looked exasperated instead.

"Then he won't last." Her father's heavy eyebrows had risen when she burst into a sunny smile.

"That's what I reckoned too!"

Her mother had always tutted that they were so much (too much) alike, and the same woman was now chuckling across the table at the exchange, before she got distracted by another of her children spilling gravy across the floor.

_Father toils amid the din, _

The warrior ran her hand under the water and felt a shiver run up her

spine as its hot touch melted her skin. It was the midst of winter, all the windows were frosted over and the doors snowed shut. Berk had reason to look like time had stopped, since, according to Fish legs, it was the harshest winter on record. Everyone had hurried to stockpile their cupboards and then locked themselves inside. The air was so still, all she could hear was the fire crackling over in the lounge room and the water tumbling into the tub. She hummed so she didn't feel so alone, but it didn't go away. She didn't think it ever would.

Because it was Hiccup's funeral today.

While baby sleeps at home.

The resentment she had back when she was still plump and rosy cheeked morphed over the years. She was soon resolute and silent, muscles built and hands toughened.

By then fights were breaking out in the yard daily, teachers didn't interfere because according to them, it was all part of the learning process. She was coming home with blood on her knuckles and hurried to retell her brawls to anyone who would listen at home. Mostly no one had time to listen to her; ever since father died no one ever had time. Youngest, smallest, weakest, get out of my way, stop fooling around, just go to school, the dragon raids are coming harsher and more frequent, do I look like I have time?

"Have you got a crush on Hiccup or something?"

"What?"

"You just stare at himâ€¦ a lot."

She punched that girl. What a filthy thing to say, Hiccup was a combination of everything she despised.

Her classmate pulled her hair in revenge, Astrid scratched angry marks down the girls arm, the opponent hit her in the gut, instead of doubling up, Astrid push the girl off the bench and quickly it escalated. Part of her was happy for the opponent, she loved fighting, another part was happy for the distraction, she hated remembering that her father had only said three things to her in all her life, 'goodnight', 'hello' and 'he won't last'.

Everyone had been in countless fights by the end of the year, even the most timid and small people; all but Hiccupâ€¦ of course.

He hadn't thrown one punch; he sat under trees or along the fence, still always happily chatting with someone. How was this? He really wasn't a Viking at all, let alone a man! It was almost certainly because he was too weak, not even a challenge. Yes, she crossed her arms and nodded her head; that was it. And it was because he was the Chief's son that he could go around being such a pansy and not be teased, laughed at or made to suffer from his mistakes. Because of this weak treatment he couldn't evolve into a tough and strong Viking.

Hush, the ship rides in the gale,

The steam from the bath started to fill the room, encasing her senses

with moisture. She sleepily watched the blooming tails as they drifted up to the low ceiling. She felt the bundle of towels in her arms squirm and this prompted her to remember her current state of affairs. Her face was wet; she convinced herself it was the steam cooling on her skin. Not tears, because she never cried. But hadn't she been crying every day since she gave birth?

_Where they roam, where they roam, _

All the boys had been kept in, she had no idea why. She grabbed her dry meat sandwich and plonked herself next to a friend near the stairs. She had noticed, being her usual observant self that, just meters over the thin fence, was a gander of boys. They were probably two years older than her and most diffidently traveling, for they did not look local at all. This was nothing new or strange, in fact she had spared them not two glances at first.

Then they started up a game, which they cheered on one black haired chum as he played. He would come up to a girl, clasp his hands on either of her shoulders and place a quick peck on her lips. It was innocent enough, and when she had been watching from what she thought was a safe distance, it had been rather comical. She caught them laughing that it was funny to see Viking girls cry. She had to agree, Viking girls never cried, it was unbecoming, to such foreigners who have weak expectations of their women- it was probably very refreshing to see such a girly reaction from a race of people with such a fierce reputation. She got bored after the fourth girl, turning back to her friend and starting a conversation.

"Hey George, what about those two blonde ones near the door?" She had heard it out of the corner of her ear; it took her sometime to turn it over as she continued on talking to her companion. By the time she understood, he was in front of her. Just a childish peck, she reminded herself in an attempt to break through the shock, no more than what Mother does when she tucks me into bed.

She was faced with a predicament, getting herself kissed would be disgraceful but running would be disgraceful as well. She thought of using violence, but it was disgraceful to hit guests. Their island depended on good trade with others, since the dragons made it impossible to sustain themselves. She struggled to move, but not because of the boys hold; he was just hovering his hands on her shoulders, he was prepared to flee at the first signs of danger. She struggled to move because whatever she went to do, it was improper. How deep did her pride go? How profound was her desire to uphold Berk's honour? _To make her father notice her? _

The boy started to lean in, quick, painless, childish, foolish; you're such a baby, this is nothing. But that was the thing, she was a baby, barley ten; this was something to her, she felt like they were mocking (teasing, insulting, ridiculing) and that was one thing that hurt her the most. _Father will never notice you like this._

Out of the quiet, she heard the door slide open behind her, and an unmoved looking Hiccup slipped out. Her immense inner turmoil that had occurred over three seconds boiled over, and she followed the loathsome boy with her eyes, and tried to convey a plea. Anyone but him, she remembered praying; but he was the only one, all the girls had run away, all the boys hadn't been allowed to play.

He seemed to hear her plea, but couldn't care less about her situation, that her pride was being fitted with a noose. He drifted past the scene without a glance, hands deep in his pockets and hair dangling over his eyes. Her face felt hot, looks like there was a bit of heartless Viking in there.

But when he was even with them, he had turned his head ever so slightly and looked at the boy ever so pointedly. Her handler reacted as if he had been burned, holding his hands up instantaneously.

"Whoa, I don't want any trouble." This reaction, she would usually have to pound someone into the ground to get such surrender. It was only her that could hear him though, Hiccup had walked past and continued on, not missing a single step, already meters across the yard.

The boys had scrambled to leave when even more of her male class mates had come out, all spewing something about glue and toilet paper; because a foreign boy was no match for the hulking Berk breed ones that were filling the yard, no matter the age gap. That was their reason, but what was Hiccup's? He was small, puny and feeble, it was not size that had made the kisser back away. It was not even that fact of him being the Chief's successor, since they were travellers and wouldn't have known.

It must then have been simply the danger that boy had promised when he had glanced up.

That day she was confronted, what was more admirable, winning every duel ferociously or never getting into one because you were to ferocious? She gaped at the freckled fishbone, who was currently slipping his way out of a playful headlock.

From that day on, whenever she saw him, her insides turned warm and her stomach dropped, respect she called it. That was all it was, nothing more and nothing less. His eyes, that look they had contained, it was hate. Was it for her or the boy? It was a question she would ponder a lot and would have to wait a long time to get the answer.

She had seen the rare proof that he was capable of flashes of the power. She wanted to see that look again, because that one time, he had seemed as deadly as the ocean storms. Such a petite and unassuming boy, to be able to transform into that, it made her look forward to what sort of man he would be.

The class numbers plummeted, children left for their own apprenticeships, peeling away into the work force. She was quite sad when she saw that he was not becoming a dragon fighting Viking but instead a blacksmith Viking. That worked out fine though, because she had plenty of dull axes that needed sharpening. Sometimes he would be their alone, and he would start talking to her. She tried to be casual but ended up sounding lofty and uninterested. As the years drifted by, she saw neither hide nor hair of this marvellous side of Hiccup. Of course, she reasoned, it's because he has had no foes to concur.

For a while she believed that, she kept on seeing not a hint of the

boy that she had come to admire, but every time they meet her heart sank lower. Perhaps it was a freak occurrence? Then during the dragon raids, he started to show up. With his strange machines, he would cause trouble for them. Still, this wasn't her once saviour, he was just trying to help and be involved. Where was the Hiccup she admired?

When she heard that Hiccup was starting dragon training with her group, she won't deny, that her heart had leapt, a foe, a chance.

The frustrating and layered boy had proved her unwise. He hid and ran away, couldn't swing his axe; she was annoyed at the proof he was giving her, further cementing the fact that he was just a nice guy, too nice, trying to be something he wasn't, not a concealed thunderclap. She had been seeing illusions, caused by her high emotions back on that day. She watched him closely, taking in all his flaws, as if proving a point to herself; this skinny boy is your idol? Take a long hard look; how is he anything like what you remember? You must have imagined half of what you saw that day, if not all.

"Our parent's war is about to become ours; figure out which side you're on." Figure out who you are, stop leading me on.

That aside, her former idol, was below her now. She was his superior in the ring. Just as she was overcoming her feelings, the befuddling rust haired boy started to down dragons. She was annoyed at him, she hated him and they were back to square one. But did this prove her right? Was he actually what she had first thought or what; she really didn't know. He was taking the dragons out, but with no storm swirling in his eyes. Astrid decided to push everything aside and just concentrate on one thing when she was around him.

Suspicion.

She hated that he drove her in circles, and he wasn't even aware of it. After he was chosen over her for the honour of killing the Nightmare, she was done with detective work; it was time to get him to talk. He had quickly darted off like he always did, but this time she was behind him. He had gone to his house first and then left through the backdoor. Darting into the forest with a packed bag and wearing a harness. What are you doing annoying boy?

She ambushed him in the clearing; her body was already blistering with rage so momentous that when she spoke it was eerie calm. He stammered, backed up and then he changed his tune and was trying to, distract her? Silly hiccup, you're spilling your guts—|one way or another.

When she had seen Toothless over the boy's shoulder, her first thought was not of terror or alarm, it was of interest. Her mind seemed to link Hiccup to safety and with the boy standing between her and the beast, she just drank in the approaching dragon. She had never seen one like this before; how would she go about killing it? Her hand had tightened on the boy's shirt, it looked rather formidable actually. Then she remembered; Hiccup was not the boy she had imagined when she was in the compromising position back in school. The fact that his stormy face was still engrained, it disgusted her so much that she boiled over.

"Don't touch me" I'm going to tell everyone and ruin you, so just curl up and cry you moron, drop dead, I can't believe you.

She had hated him because he was deceiving, hated him because he was annoying and hated him because he confused her.

She felt the dragon's claws grab her arm; she saw the ground dissolve under her.

_Father seeks the roving whale, _

Astrid glanced down at the naked newborn in her arms; it had a cold and so was snotty and cranky. Gently she lowered her rust haired son into the full tub, careful to support the boy's head. He seemed nervous at being separated from his usually cocoon of furs, small and quiet sobs started to come from the child. She hushed gently.

"Mother's here."

_While baby sleeps at home. _

She shrieked and trembled all the way through the dragon's tumbles and dives, but Hiccups hadn't even raised his voice, he had just been calmly resigned to the fate of being thrashed around in the sky and waves. He was moving with the dragon, correcting the tailfin even then, as responsible for the petrifying ride as the dragon. He was fearless, he was an anchor and she was scared and starting to slip off the seat. The way her arms fit around him was just right, that was the reason why they never unwrapped until it was time to leave.

When she yanked him close and pressed her lips against his before pushing him away as quickly as she had pulled him, well, that felt like the perfect expression of her feelings. It wasn't love exactly, not yet, but the hate, confusion and admiration all combined together to result inâ€¦ passion she would call it.

He was so simple, she was so complicated. He had not one bad bone; she gathered hate wherever she went. She wasn't a loose women, it took more than one night for her to fall. This relationship she had with Hiccup, it was years old, from all the way back in primary school.

_Hush, the wind sweeps o'er the deep, _

The child's hazel eyes swirled around the room, searching for something. Not even two week old but already so curious, his wonder filled eyes locked onto something behind her. Astrid continued to wash the newborn's body, her wet, soapy cloth slid over the rice paper skin. He was still watching the same spot, she knew her child, and he had never focused on something for this long. She swivelled her head around, inquisitiveness taking the better of her, was it a reflection in the mirror, or had a Terrible Terror snuck inside again? It was neither of those, she watched the man leaning in the doorway. Windblown hair, snow still in the folds of his clothes, bony, damaged, bruised. Her body sagged in relief, but he was alive, he was backâ€¦ he was here. She knew, from looking at that worn (worn, worn) face, that the first thing he had done was rush around

in a panic trying to find her.

_All alone, all alone, _

When she was in the maternity ward, fighting through the labour pains and contractions, she overheard the nurses.

"No father coming," the aged lady tusked under her breathe.

"Oh dear, she is mighty young too."

"Excuse me," she remembered saying through gritted teeth "I assure you I am married." The ladies jumped in surprise of being overheard before snapping into an overbearing, professional mood.

"Then where is your partner? Child birth is a stressful time for mothers, he should be here."

"I don't know, okay?" _Missing presumed dead._ "He went to salvage a shipwreck out in the ocean, the others came back but he didn't and then the storms surged in and straight away we had that one week where it was too dangerous.." she sobbed "to leave the hall and no one has heard anything or seen anything since September and then the winter winds picked up so much none of the dragons could fly and, he's with a dragon you see, the snow came early-"

She cried for her entire labour, part was because of the immense physical anguish, but most was because of the empty chair beside her bed. Because the person who was meant to be sitting there, who had been so excited about this child, who was having a funeral organised for him.

_Mother now the watch will keep, _

"and so is father," she added in a whisper.

Till Father's ship comes home.

* * *

><p>A relatively minor song, it is usually recorded under the name "Gaelic Lullaby". Gaels, the Gaelic peoples; are an ethno-linguistic group traditionally predominant in Ireland, the Scottish Highlands, and the Isle of Man.

9. Moses Supposes

_Moses supposes his toes are roses, _

But Moses supposes erroneously.

Two detectives were slouching and looking rather daunting as they sauntered through the gloomy night. One had numerous night club stamps garnishing his hand (he was the wild yet thoughtful one), the other was still wearing his bed time slippers (he was the threatening yet dreamy one). They were both irritated at being called out to work on New Year's Eve. Like always, though, one was more so than the other.

Colours rapidly started to explode into the air as they slipped under the police line, towards the mangled body that lay partly covered by a blue tarpaulin sheet. Gobbler the Belch was already there, in his disposable jumpsuit and with his array of instruments, jabbing and prodding away at the dead and undoubtedly murdered body. He saw the two and offered a small smile, and rung out a _Happy New Year_ which only one, the stamped youth, returned.

"Looks like an instinctive attack, nothing planned about it. Was probably in a brawl with someone, the other guy found a small blade and the rest is history." Gobbler straightened up from his crouch, rubbing his sore back with a blood coated glove. "Because he's got bruises on his knuckles, I would say he landed a few good ones himself."

"Time of death?" Tooth Less growled out at the forensic, still wallowing in his disgust at having to work at midnight. The fireworks were still exploding, casting them all silhouettes of disfigured proportions.

"Anywhere between four and tenâ€¦ tonight? Yesterday? 31st of December?" The moustached gent contemplated the concept of time, looking like a philosopher as he stared into the distant, colourful, starry night. The testy Inspector at his side, clad in pyjama pants and fur coat used the lapse in his companion's attention to glare craters into anyone that dared to move with his hoarfrost eyes.

Tooth half wondered where Hiccup, his supposed partner in justice, had disappeared to. The freckled abomination had just been circling the body before, but now he seemed to have dropped from the face of the snow covered garden. Was this the victim's house? If it was then Hiccup was probably roaming around inside. Sitting in front of the fire, going through the fridge, pocketing any small valuables. A snarl appeared on Tooth's face, that lanky man had no respect for the concept of potential evidence.

Gobbler turned to talk to Tooth, awoke from his thoughtful daze by the sound of the Inspector cursing someone under his breathe. "What's rubbed you the wrong way? Less, you look ready to jump and main someone." Tooth ran a hand over his black mop of hair, sighing in frustration at the ignorance of the forensic.

"I was asleep, in my warm bed, next to my lovely wife, when I got a phone call demanding that I go out into the winter night to take a look at a dead guy."

"Funny, that sounds exactly like what happened to me. But I'm not turning feral about it."

"But you're weird like that; I'm not." Gobbler just shrugged his shoulders in a touchÃ© manner.

"Your partner looked cheerful before, walking around like a hound hot on a rabbit's trail."

"I found him at a party, he's drunk."

"Ah, at least one of us actually celebrated." The man took a sly look then, nudging Tooth Less with his elbow and whispering "have you

convinced him to talk to his Dad yet." Tooth snorted at the suggestion.

"Let's remember who we are dealing with here, Stoick the Vast and Hiccup Haddock."

"Ah," Gobbler winked in understanding, "got enough stubborn between them both to bake a rock out of water."

"What?"

"You know how rocks are stubborn and water isn't so if-"

"Yeah, no, don't bother explaining, it's just going to reduce us both to tears."

"Ah, "

"What about you, have you made some progress with Stoick?"

"Less, let's remember who were dealing with hereâ€|" They looked at each other, some vague level of understanding passing between the two how usually never got on much. Gobbler continued on, "basically, five years of trying and we haven't convinced them to do anything; we are going to have to be patient."

"I know that, you're the one that's suddenly pushing things."

Tooth grumbled as Gobbler picked up his case of bottles and chemicals, ignoring the dark skinned Inspector.

"I should have the full analysis ready on Wednesday." Tooth watched the man collect some more brushes and observed as three hygienically covered constables' took pictures of the body. He let his gaze rake the house and turned to a female constable nearby, pointing at the body he asked,

"Was this the owner?" The lady, who had a striking African slant to her features, adjusted her hat awkwardly. "Have you searched the house yet?"

"About thatâ€|" she drew it out, and in those seconds every worst possible outcome sprouted up and played out in Tooth's head. "It was locked and we weren't sure if it was counted as forced entry or something so we decided to wait for you and Sergeant Haddock." _They could be the murderer, could also have been killed, have evidence or might even be an important witness._

"And where is the Sergeant?"

"Ah, he had just finished picking the lock and let himself inside." Forget all everything from before, that boy was going to trample every piece of hair, destroy every finger print, smear every blood stainâ€| wasn't one of the first things new recruits learned these days to _not_ let Hiccup be the first on a scene? All his talent was in drawing information from suspects; he had no respect for material evidence.

He supposed it was time to track down Sergeant Haddock then. Tooth needed to protect the scene. He was kicking himself, how could I let

him slip from my sight again?

The deeply tanned detective stalked across the yard, pausing just before opening the humble door to shake snow from his coat and shoes. With a scowl deeper than the Marianna Trench fixed decisively on his face, he opened the door and walked onto the ghostly timber flooring. He felt the sudden rise in temperature, but didn't bother to shed a single one of his many layers of coats and shirts, he was determined to find Hiccup, yell at him, brief him on Gobblers informal report, assign him a tone of repetitive tasks and then crawl his way back home and into his bed. The ceiling was so low that Tooth's scruffy hair brushed it as he walked, which didn't sit well with Tooth because it looked very dusty and mouldy. So he searched the house's many small rooms looking like a hunchback cripple, stooped over so as to stay away from the ceiling. He wondered how Hiccup was going; he was a whole head taller than him.

He found the one and only Hiccup Haddock in the kitchen, hot, steaming cup of coffee in his hands, relaxing blissfully at the dinner table and flirting away with a gorgeous looking lady. It's times like these when Tooth remembers just why he has so many wrinkles. Thirty five but looking fifty, or so Hiccup says to him.

"Hiccup!" He said it so low and forcefully that anyone would have passed it off as a rumble of thunder, he knows the lady certainly did for she glanced out her window.

"Sounds like a storm is coming in," she looked coyly over at Hiccup, "when I was a kid I'd thought that thunder was Santa moving his presents." Hiccup raised his eyebrows at the statement, "I've always thought so too!"

Bullshit.

"Astrid, I'm really sorry but I have to leave now. The coffee was really good, I'll have to stop by again, but" Hiccup walked over to the copper sink, talking all the while as he rinsed out his cup and sat it at the bottom "what you hear before wasn't thunder, it was just my crazy partner."

"Crazy superior." This time he talked, Astrid heard him; she jumped at his voice and cracked her head around to spot him as he stooped through the slender door way. She took in his hunched position with a sympathetic look, quickly recovering from her fright.

"Sorry about the size, it's easy to keep warm though." She sat at her chair, cross-legged and looking rather regal in her night gown. Tooth decided instantly that he didn't like her; she sat like a cat. He hated cats, rubbing up against you one second and then sinking their teeth into you the next.

"So this is your house? Well I'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news," as if, he was taking delight in pushing the little blonde off her chair, and Hiccup knew too, the way he was frowning at him. "But you're going to have to find yourself a place to stay for a while, as this is now a crime scene."

"I've already been told by Sergeant Haddock, I've got nowhere to stay so I'm going to be crashing on his couch." Tooth turned his head

mechanically to Hiccup, eyebrow twitching a bit in his effort to hold his frustration back.

"You two have only just met." He managed to get out from between his gritted jaws.

"Fast friends?" Hiccup offered as an excuse.

"We went to school together, sir." Astrid flicked a strand of hair back over her shoulder as she talked.

"Even so," Tooth went on, "it is prohibited to have relationships with suspects. Sergeant Haddock." He had directed it at the lean man, but it was Astrid that responded.

"Why am I a suspect, I was asleep! Hiccup can confirm that, he was the one that woke me up!"

"A body was found on your property. A murdered man is in your garden, under your rose bush."

"That ugly thingâ€¦!"

"Miss Astrid, if Sergeant Haddock here were to offer you refuge, he would be facing charges. Find another place. My partner and I are leaving now, please be agreeable to the officers that will be coming in soon." He glided out of the room on top of a cloud of death promises. He did not like that woman _at all_; he did not like working at midnight _at all_.

He stopped halfway down the hall and waited for Hiccup, as he leaned against the wall, his fingers twitched for a cigarette. This is what happens when you throw a man off his schedule. Soon the smooth talker joined him, resting there in the cramped corridor.

"Punk, you've got no problem flirting with school friends." Hiccup knew what he was referring to.

"We weren't flirting, besides, the circumstances are just, possibly, a touch different." Tooth rolled his eyes and Hiccup took the lapse in concentration to push him off balance.

"What the hell was that for?" Tooth shouted as he caught himself just in time. Hiccup was laughing manically from where he had skipped away down the hall.

"You've been at me constantly about my old man since Friday."

"Yeah, well I've had Gobbler crawling down my neck every time we meet- which is several times a day!" Hiccup huffed at him. "Hiccup, Gobbler's not letting anything on, but I think your Dad might have been diagnosed with something."

"Really? Good for him."

"Do you know what diagnosed means? Don't answer that, just get your coat. That's what I get for taking a teenager as my best friend."

"Hey, I'm twenty two!"

"Act like a teenager."

"At least my names not Tooth."

"You're still falling back on that? My Mother just had a unique taste in names."

Tooth ambled over to where Hiccup was busy putting his on his coat and ex-girlfriend made scarf. He told everyone it was limited edition; Tooth told everyone that its disposal was imminent.

"You leave me for ten minutes and by the time I track you down, you've convinced a nice young lady to move in with you." Hiccup smirked at him, a bad habit he had picked up recently.

"Not a feat a teenager could complete, hey, Tooth my man?" Less just continued to scowled.

"We've moved off that subject now. I'm talking about Astrid jumping at the chance of curling up at your dump."

"My humble abode has been lacking a certain sort of luster ever since the rats got poisoned."

"Do go on. Tell me, when you were trampling around her room, looking for a jewellery box to ransack and found her inste-"

"Do I look like the type of guy whose hobby is to steal interesting knickknacks at every turn?" Hiccup opened the door wide for him, looking to be scandalised at his partner's accusation.

"Is the Pope Catholic? You probably have some crystal ring in your pockets as we speak."

"Cut me some slack, I check its value, I only steal the fake stuff." Hiccup dug his hand into his pocket and pulled out a pint sized ceramic duck, its beak broken off and colours browning away. "It's all I took, swear it. It's extremely interesting, don't you think so?"

"It's something only a mother could love." Tooth grumbled as his boots crunched over the frost crusted ground.

"Like your face?" Tooth decided to ignore Hiccup. He slipped a cigarette between his teeth and lit it up; now free to let the cancerous smoke soar into the lively, taciturn wind.

"I'm probably going to have to take you home, aren't it?"

"Too drunk to drive my friend, caught a taxi here anyway, haven't got enough money for the return trip."

Tooth Less groaned; a long-suffering sound that made his taller partner smile.

For breakfast Tooth's wife cooked him a plate of scrambled eggs and bacon. He had enjoyed in enormously, it was very rare for her to do something so giving. In fact, too rareâ€¦

"Why did you go to this trouble for me?"

"You were out from Midnight to three in the morning; I know how night calls feel." She cocked her head at him when he just continued to search her face.

"What's going on?"

"Nothing"

"I'm going to find out sooner or later."

"Well, you know our daughter."

"First or second?"

"Second. Well, she's," _cough_ "engage."

"Ah."

"Ah?"

"Good for her."

"You sure?"

"Yes, now can you excuse me, I have a murder case to solve." Tooth shrugged his coat on, tucked the newspaper under his arm, jangled his keys and slipped out the door.

As slick, smooth, sly and seamless as oil itself. His wife never moved from her seat, just smiled and waved him away. She took a sudden wicked look; the breakfast banquet seemed to have worked its magic. She cackled at having successfully sidestepping a land mine. Postponing the explosion for some unlucky lad in the work place when he finally drops his idyllic mindset and reverts back, leaving him calmed down and fizzled out when he comes home.

Hiccup Haddock was walking towards Tooth's paper cluttered desk when he saw the man's back suddenly go ridged.

"You okay buddy," he asked his fellow detective as he stopped at his side, slapping a manila folder thick with photographs of the body last night, down onto the already overflowing desk.

"I just realised something," Tooth said it in a heavy voice that was not unusual for him, "my cunning wife has out witted me again. My daughter is engaged, she's only nineteen. I have not met this man yet, he must be a piece of shit. Proposing and he hasn't even met the parents yet, what a piece of shit."

"Tooth," Hiccup said, not liking where this was going. "Tooth," The black haired man glanced up at him, whipping off a pair of glasses that he rarely wore at all. "Less!" Hiccup tried again as those green eyes looked right through him.

"Hiccup, take care of the case. I need to go kill a certain man." He jumped up, leaving his swirly chair spinning widely. Stalking across the office to the door, people delicately balancing coffees ducked out of his way, everyone who saw him jumped halfway across the room

in an effort to save their skins.

"But someone was already killed, last night! Which you should be investigating, not me! I can't deal with all that paperwork, I'm haven't been conditioned enough yet! Tooth, you can't leave me too my doom, you bastard!"

"Don't even bother." A nerdy looking constable said from his desk nearby. "His wife does it every time, this is the third. You've got no hope; he'll come in tomorrow the same as he was yesterday. But getting him back today will be impossible."

"Thanks George, for summing that up." The man just rolled his eyes at the sarcasm and kept typing away at his square computer. "Really."

Hiccup collapsed into the chair, appreciative of its cushiony comfort, unlike his own plastic one. He looked up and swept his eyes over the desk, instantly regretful. He didn't want to even think about that paper jungle he had just inherited. He sat, for about half an hour (if George is to be believed) head in his hands, back to the desk, hyperventilating at the thought of what lay before him. As he huddled there, a pair of trousers walked up and dropped a very thick sounding file onto the desk. Sweet Thor's cotton plantation, why was the cosmos against him?

"Sergeant Haddock." The trousers were talking to him; he looked up at the soft faced, but by no means caring, woman who was staring him down. "I saw that Detective Chief Inspector Less has gone AWOL again, so I took the liberty to get someone to print today out for you." How can you print out today? Like a schedule? He glanced at the blue folder that she had her hand on, can today even be that thick? You must have chopped down half of India! She picked up the 'today' and shoved it in his face. "Learn it, live it, love it." They stood like statues for a moment, before the lady narrowed her mascara eyes and dug her red, long nails into the folder. He was too scared not too.

"Loving it," he said to her weakly. She shot him one last look trying to suss him out.

"Very good, Detective Chief Inspector Haddock," a suddenly realising smile flew onto his face. "For a day," she tacked on, before moving away through the cubicles, looking for someone else to chew up and spit out a changed man.

"Did you hear that George? DCI Haddock is on the case." Hiccup flicked the folder opened, and read out loud what it said. "Victim's identity has been confirmed as Tuffnut Thurston (records enclosed) visit everyone on the list attached and question for motives, alibies andâ€¦yadda, yadda, yadda." Hiccup snapped it back up, and glanced over to George, who was still typing away at his worn keyboard.

Hiccup huffed and set for the door, walking a little straighter the further he got from the document covered desk. Looks like nothing's going to go differently to how it usually does on investigationsâ€¦but at least he was out on the field now. DCI, he repeated in his head, you sly Hiccup you.

Back at his desk, George smirked, that women didn't just have rings twisted around her fingers.

Hiccup still had the after stench of alcohol on him, so he jumped in with another officer who was heading out that way of the first person on his list. He didn't want any drink driving fines on his back. The wiry Hiccup didn't know the pudding shaped, balding officer, so the ride was stubbornly mute. Hiccup started to distract himself by flicking through 'today' and reading the records at the back on the murdered man.

Turns out he lived nearly a kilometre away from where he was found, on a great sprawling estate. Detective Chief Inspector Hiccup couldn't believe what type of guy they were dealing with, owner of a major music studio, twin sister a notorious jail bird, several high profile girlfriends. _Megan Fox?_ What the hell was this, a nightmare?

He noticed that they were driving down the street that Tuffnut was found dead on. He saw Astrid's cramped cottage come into view, surrounded by the blue police line. A cameraman with a local newspaper's logo on his shirt was out the front snapping away. The officers that were still working inside the scene were going about their tasks gawkily, trying to ignore him yet struggling since he was being so glaringly obnoxious.

Hiccup wasn't a wrist watch person, so he checked the car's clock for the time. Ten forty seven. He scratched at his stubble a little as he watched children muck about in the snow, hairy great dogs and battered toboggans trailing along behind them. He lost himself out the window, amongst the trees and houses. The streets and people that scuttled along them, grocery bags or walking sticks in hand. The landscape transformed into fields and pockets of woodlands.

The car had come to a stop, before a bronze gate that stood blocking what must be the driveway, if the tire tracks running from the house down, through the gate and out to the road were anything to go by.

"This seems like the place you described. It's the right house, right?" Hiccup checked the mailboxes number with the address in his folder.

"It's the one." He turned to the man, "thanks a bunch, I owe you one." His face swelled up with a smile at that.

"Not a problem at all Chief Inspector." Oh, right. This man thought he was a really important guy.

"Sucker," he couldn't help but giggle as the car reversed away. Hiccup slipped the folder into a mammoth pocket that lay inside his heavy duty, reflective, police issued, over coat which was usually reserved for man hunts, forest searches or working in the rain. Hiccup though it gave him a professional air, so he took every chance to wear it. The metal of the gate was like dry ice against his fingertips, but he managed his way through and up to the grand house that sat propped up in the distance. The walk would do him good, he told himself as he marched along the fresh tire tracks which had compressed the snowfall down.

By the time he got there snowflakes had started to dust the ground and his breathes had a slight wheeze to them. He buzzed the door bell and banged the knocker. But no one appeared. He turned and looked back down the lane, at those nice fresh tire tracks that were starting to be covered over. They had probably just gone out, he thought, letting a few curse words penetrate the deserted air around him. He let a few more go when he saw a very familiar car pick its way up the drive, and a very familiar man get out and shut the gate behind him before returning and driving on up to the house.

He was still down the bottom of the long drive, so Hiccup plonked himself down, leaned up against the wall, and wracked his brain on what he would say when Stoick finally reached him. Astrid hadn't recognised him until he told her his name, so he was safe on being recognised. He will be DCI Less from now on, Hiccup nodded. He wouldn't suspect a thing, just imitating the cantankerous Inspector and maybe he could get his Dad to drop him at the next place on his list. Flash his badge here and there, keep calm like he always is and this will be a slick dodging that they can laugh on later.

That is, when Stoick finally apologises. He knows that all his Dad has to do is ask Gobbler for the address. Yeah, Hiccup rolled his eyes as the car came to a stop at the house, when he apologises. This one is inclined to think that such an event has been in the pile line for too long.

"What are you doing here?" He was looking hostile, he was looking grey haired, he was looking very different from when Hiccup had stormed out years ago, spitting fire and promising never to talk to him until he admitted his mistake. Of course that is still yet to happen. _Of course_, Hiccup repeated to himself as he flicked his police identification open to the man. _This is Stoick the Vast were dealing with._

"I am looking for Ruffnut Thurston. I'm investigating a murder; my name is Detective Chief Inspector Less. What is yours, may I ask?"

"No you may not, Inspector Less." _Too bad, already know it._ Hiccup had to work hard to hold back his laughter, at this rate he wasn't going to last enough to get a ride to this Snoutlout's place. "And I don't know where Ruffnut is either."

"Well then," Hiccup swaggered his way down off the porch and toward his thick set father. "May I ask what you're doing here, Stoick?" He couldn't resist it, the look was priceless, he worked hard to stay aloft but a splitting smile had grown across his face.

"Bloody noisy detectives." Stoick mumbled under his breath at Hiccup. He felt like coming back with a _bloody hostile mechanics _but that would be classed as knowing too much for a man you've just meet.

"Yes, well, a job is a job." Hiccup held his arms up in a what-can-we-do way. "Is that what you are doing here, a job?" The bearded brute's shoulders quaked with a noiseless snigger.

"That's some good intuition you've got there." Stoick grabbed a tool box out his car, heavy and full with clanking tools. Hiccup bitterly thought that he would never have said that praise if he knew who he

really was. "The lady ran me up, she said that they won't be in the house when I get there but they would leave the vehicle I was needed to fix around the back."

"Open?"

"Yeah, I'm trusted."

"Was this lady named Ruffnut?"

"Yeah,"

"When you've finished this job, could you drive me back to town?" Hiccup searched his pockets for a bribe, which he would undoubtedly need. _Tooth wouldn't need to bribe him; he would just intimidate him with murder investigation anti-cooperation arresting conditions or some other mungo_. "â€|a Mars bar?" He doesn't like those; Stoick snorted a resentful huff as an answer to his offer.

Hiccup riffled through all his pockets as he followed the proud mechanic around the back of the house, through impeccably maintained gardens. It looked a lot like the gardens of a golf club. Searching through all his pockets, Hiccup found many things he didn't realise he was carrying. USB, toothbrush, ring in an evidence bag, muffin paper, plastic spoon, broken statue of a duckâ€| cherry ripe, now he loved these.

"A cherry ripeâ€|" He said it so sly it was almost verging on evil. By now Stoick had lifted the hood on the putted out hatchback that was resting in the snow, looking very tired. He tensed, thought it over as he filled with the radiator and then nodded his head.

"Deal." Smiling at his success, Hiccup watched Stoick tinker for a while, until he spotted the green house. Trampling over and into the tropical room that the car was parked next to, Hiccup snuggled down into a deck chair and watched his father carefully, but this time from inside a steamy glass house surrounded by tropical flowers.

Ah yes, hiccup thought as he stretched his arms over his head, this is life. Keeping one eye cracked open and trained onto the mechanic, he waited for the sign that it was time to leave for town.

Too bad that the warmth lulled him into a deep sleep, which Stoick used to take the time to carefully ruffling through his pockets. He found the police badge, _Detective Sergeant Haddock, Hiccup_; he had thought so, tucking it back. Standing back to take in his son, which he hadn't seen in years, he couldn't help but be a bit proud. Because even though he hadn't become a successful technique like Stoick had pushed for, he was still making himself sharp. If there was anything Stoick admired, it was a sharp man. His ignorant child was grown now, with a infamous uniform that people eyed respectively. But now he wanted to know some more, was he living well, earning well, healthy, popular, married?

No, he was too young for marriage, surly. Not his awkward Hiccup. But he certainly wasn't awkward a few hours ago, oh no. To think the fishbone could grow into such a person.

"I'm ready to go to town now, Inspector Less"

He snuffled when the boy jumped awake at the words.

"Ohâ€| right." Fixing his heavy weather jacket, Hiccup followed Stoick out to the mechanic's truck.

"Didn't get much sleep last night."

"Working or socialising?" These are the things that Stoick wanted to know, who have you become? He watched Hiccup turn to him and smirk.

"Managed to do both."

For Moses he knows his toes aren't roses,

As Moses supposes his toes to be.

* * *

><p>The moral of this rhyme is generally interpreted as that one should not throw a flower to someone's grave. Instead he'll have higher wishes for them than to be dead. But it is also commonly argued that it could be referring to how babies are always trying to put their toes in their mouths and look like they are smelling them.

10. The Dove Says Coo

The Zippleback watched her two handsome eggs, lazily curling around them as the full moon rose. She had never been able to raise a child for longer than two moons.

She had nearly snapped a yearling Gronkle in half before when it became too curious in her clutch. It would have been the thick skin's first egg seasons; she had to remind herself to be patient with the young ones, that life was safe for her now. No more starved dragons following her about when they smelt the eggs or young on her, no more slaughtered and eaten babies when you return from the raids. Or worse, just quiet and gone, because in those instances, it hadn't been the crazy, dying, grief-stricken dragons, it was a smart one that clawed your child, your heart, your life, up and dropped it to the Queen, a logical, cold, done murder.

It wasn't the leathery skeleton dragons with skitter eyes, who die the next day because they are hungry and chase the dropped food right into the Queen's mouth. It was your neighbour, your brother, the dragons you helped out of the human net in the hunt. It tears you apart, slowly though, oh, how slow and painful it isâ€|she knows; she know because, do you know how much her heart is shredded, how many gaping holes are widening with every beat or her massive, blood pumping drum?

She had returned to find her babies bloody and bones scattered too many times and found nothing were they should be far, far too much. She couldn't ask a friend to guard her nest, because that would give the nest away, when you had taken such care to hide it well, in the nooks and around behind the rocky crops. It was usually the guarding dragon that dropped them to the Queen anyway, their due paid, their

Queen satisfied that the one who smells of amber and tusk as contributed. She never blames the killer; it is well known that chick snatching from close nests is the only way to make sure your own hatchlings survive. It's what her Mother probably did; it's what Mothering dragons are expected to do.

Tears dry quickly in the volcano's heat.

These two will grow, and they will live. (As none of the others have)

They will end up being her last clutch, (she wondered if she should make an effort to find their father for them? She had never kept any who lived old enough to realise that they did indeed have to have fathers somewhere. Were young curious about these sort of things?) After three hundred years, six hundred and thirty four eggs; these become her only hatchlings that live long enough to fly.

The Nadder perched high in the rafters of the barn, he watched, as his mate nuzzled and shifted their ten new eggs in the straw below. They have never lost a single child.

They were a life pair; they had hatched countless clutches, fed countless mouths, taught countless wings to fly, but not all of that was done together. They were a life pair, but the meaning was different. They would give up their lives for their chicks, life pair, and both had had hundreds of mates do just that for their past children, _life_ pair. They could trust each other, because dying for your chicks, even chicks that weren't blood related, was ingrained Nadder nature. Ingrained back from when they were still sticky with egg white, and had watched their parents go crunch but still never give an inch to the attaching, slobbering, wild.

The other species rumbled, those lucky Naddars getting to raise and teach fly so many of their dragonet's, never returning to blood and bones or even nothing. Naddars were indeed the only dragon that paired. The Nadder couples whisper to each other, those lucky other dragons, never having to watch parents turn into blood and bones, never coming back to a mate who is now blood and bones or spread out across the floor (because even though they go through mates like shoes, they do dreadfully love each other.)

Naddars made it known, oh how they made it known, how others knew, that when you tried to attackâ€| they will slaughter you mercilessly, ground you to bread, relish your blood and when you're dead they will still be hacking away at your bones. You never touch their children; they will make your forgotten corpse feel so much pain that you shall experience it in hell. They will roll you over into the Queens pit and celebrate you fall. Then they will drop dead as soon as her almighty jaws clench shut, because the effort killed them, it always kills them. The rumour says that even though the Nadder is truly dead, they will refuse death and delay their demise. A Nadder knows, death is guaranteed; death is your future and your ruler. Death claims Naddars sooner than any other creed of dragon.

Tears dry quickly in the volcano's heat.

These ten will grow, and they will live. (As all of the other have)

They will end up being their last clutch, (this is in fact only their third together, but they have had so many more with so many others.) After four hundred years, eight hundred thousand four hundred and seventy eight eggs; these become there only hatchlings who's first memory is not that of seeing your loved one suffer and limp under death's cold wings before them.

The dove says, "Coo, coo, what I shall do? I can scarce maintain two."

"_Pooh! Pooh!" Says the wren; "I have got ten, and keep them all like gentlemen."_

* * *

><p>Included in a nursery rhyme collection that was first printed in 1916, but would have been passed down orally through most of history.<p>

11. I'm Glad For This

I'm glad the sky is painted blue, and the earth is painted green;

With such a lot of nice fresh air, all sandwiched in between.

The dragon lets her eyesight slide. Over to him. The dragon that waltzes around uncaring and nods to her when they pass. She wishes he would stop doing that, it always nearly makes her plunge out of the atmosphere. His scales are so offensively black they leave you gaping and muscles that quiver so strongly they give you goose bumps. Wellâ€¦ least he has that effect on her, her friends, not so much, but her?

Oh, damn yeah.

He turns back her way and she diverts her attention elsewhere. He has never caught her looking at him and he never will if she had her way. She is the fastest, the quickest and the unbeaten in all the great South Lands. They would have made a great match, his strength and her speed. Too sad it will never happen. Because nobody here knows she is the best where she comes from. She's going to keep it that way this time, even if it means throwing out the window her only, however slim, possibility of catching his interest.

She is looking away; he takes the opportunity to rest his eyes on her and truly live for a few seconds. To hips so swung and tantalising, a face so cheekily crafted. A way of walking that makes you want to run up and tackle her to the ground? Dive your snout into the crook of her neck and see what she smells like up-close, what's reserved for that special dragon? What those caring eyes would look like when they are right in front of you and staring back. Wouldn't that be the dream?

Oh, damn yeah.

She turns back his way and he nods to her coolly as their eyes meet. He has never caught her looking at him, in any way, not even recognising his presence outside when he demands her greeting in the

times like this. Small, stiff and across the cliff top. She flicks her ear uncaringly. It hurts, he, the unbeaten in all the great Northern Lands, has been struck down. Of course, he doesn't not say this. No one knows he is the great North Dragon. He prefers to keep it that way, even if it means throwing out the window his only, however slim, possibility of catching her interest.

Months later he cracks; he's been posted to a far off base near Berk and won't be back for years. He approaches her; she is shocked and lets her instincts take the wheel. She responds without hesitation as she did every day back home, as if he's just one of those thousands of brave suitors hoping for the most magnificent flyer in the East Arctic to be their girl.

"Catch me, hot stuff." And she pouches to the sky, leaving him behind. She says this because they can never catch her, and they give up straight away.

He chases her, fuelled by the challenge but also the complement. Hot stuff, he chaffs through his snout. They twist and twirl and make the air scream because they're flying so savagely- but it's a pointless game.

Because, in the end, she never flies all out, because she doesn't want him to lose her in the clouds. She slows down so he can catch her, she doesn't mind being beaten one, tarnishing her tile of the unbeaten South. This fine enough for her; she just wants to be with him.

He wants it to last as long as possible, this moment where she recognises him with more than a distracted ear flick. He is here and he does not need to be anywhere else but flying. Her glistening body leads him on the most dangerous path through the rippling air patches of the sky. He follows with all his heart. He makes sure to only fly half as well as he can, because he's enjoying this twirl and dive hunt. He doesn't care about his unbeaten pride, this is fine enough for him; he can go without it. He just wants to be with her.

I'm glad the sky is painted blue, and the earth is painted green;

With such a lot of nice fresh air, all sandwiched in between.

* * *

><p>By an unknown author, largely unresearched and new, this rhyme's purpose is to encourage respect of different and celebrate nature.<p>

12. I Hear Thunder

And the first thing of his lifeâ€|is a noise. It's the voice of a raging giant squid whose ancient beak refuses to settle for the afterlife. He was magnificent in life; he is not ready for death. He is powerful, he is giant, he is frightening and he is now eaten bare by the lowly sea worms; washed away to his only hard part- his beak. It now sits small and alone amongst the sand. His bygone, arrogant voice tumbles to the hatchling that is crawling past. He does not know that in front of him emerged a dragon from its buried nursery.

He does not know because you cannot see it. This dragon is invisible to everything- the currents cannot push him- the fish cannot play with him- the volcanos cannot heat him.

I hear thunder, I hear thunder;

Hark, don't you, hark, don't you?

And the first thing of his lifeâ€|is a feeling. It's the water of the ocean's deep depths which suddenly takes a hold and cradles him along in its rushing veins of sea. It's because he finally managed to sew a bone into his invisible hide. Now proudly at his shoulder joint rides the husk of a crab shell. The water's fingers snag and tug him and finally, finally, something accepts him.

Pitter-patter raindrops, pitter-patter raindrops;

I'm wet through, so are you!

And the first thing of his lifeâ€| is a thought. It's the idea of that, soon, somehow- as he sweeps these floors looking for bones to make him whole- soon he can crane his mythical ocean dragon skull up and pump his whale backbone wings to rise and simply and purely burst from the black depths of the world into wind and sun and voices besides the screaming sunken dead- the forgotten Viking heroes and the playful baby dolphins who gave up their skeletons so that he could scrap his way out of this abnormal inexistence.

I see blue skies, I see blue skies,

Way up high, way up high;

And the first thing of his lifeâ€| is a sight. It's the view of the sky, blue, clouded in rain and pumping him full of new courage and new faith and new life. For once there isâ€| somethingâ€| starting to pound in his not-there-but-seems-to-be heart.

Hurry up the sunshine, hurry up the sunshine;

We'll soon dry, we'll soon dry!

* * *

><p>"The Boneknapper is a species of dragon thought to be almost mythical by Vikings due to its rare nature. As its name may suggest, the Boneknapper spends its time scouring the land for pieces of bonesâ€|Sometimes, bones can be essential for the dragon to perform basic actions, such as roaring. The Boneknapper will often go to extreme lengths to find the bones it seeks, hunting down and collecting the fragments for years." (How to Train Your Dragon Wiki, Boneknapper)<p>

There's not a lot of information on this rhyme beside it being an "Old English Rhyme."

13. The North Wind

The north wind doth blow,

_And we shall have snow, _

The wind is howling, it's bending the spines back of those foolish enough to open their doors.

_And what will poor robin do then, __

>_Poor thing?_

Some don't have the safety of a rock and wood home. Some might find a cave, if they're lucky, some might tuck themselves up against a ledge which has created a pocket of calm air. Some might dig and bury themselves alive. Some might jump and let the sea's deep water encase them. Some might not find a place, some might die.

Some might freeze to death, some might get windburn so bad they can't move. Some might have their eyes gorged out by the blasting ice. Some might be killed by another over a safe spot.

If only they all have homes to sleep in and fires to chatter about nothing much in particular around.

One might even, possible, _approach_ these homes of which _rich_ smells of _cooking_ roasts and _steamed_ vegetables come from. One might even _shovel_ the snow _away_ from the door, _drag_ all his courage to the surface and _scratch_. Scratch like he has seen their hunting dogs do.

One might be ignored because no matter how much his blunt and frost shattered claws can scratch; he cannot be heard over the music and laughter of inside.

_He'll sit in a barn, __

>_And keep himself warm, __

>_And hide his head under his wing, _

One might than have to waddle off, wings tucked tight so the gale doesn't get under them and suck him up off into the sky. One cannot fly in this weather unless he wants to be taken into the razor winds and ripped apart. Bone from bone, tail to teeth.

One might try and get into the barn, to snuggle between the warm chickens, nesting geese, dreaming sheep or cows and horses whose fur is shiny with the heat of their own body and safe place.

One might_ try_ his best to _slip_ or _dig_ or _pound_ his way in, but the _humans_ have _locked_ their barns and houses _rather_ _tight_. They are _afraid_ that their _fat_ livestock cannot handle _sharing_ their _warmth_.

One might realise that the humans have won their way yet again, and so curl against the barn, on the one side facing away from the wind so there is at least a little peace. One might wrap tight in a shivering ball, cursing the fact that he is a reptile banished from the hot, life saving volcano to a place twelve days north of Hopeless, and a few degrees south of Freezing to Death.

One might, unfortunately, die like that, tail curled and touching his horn crusted snout. When the winter lets up and the family comes out to welcome the new spring, they will at first be struck with sorrow because it looks like a human baby, dumped and encased in ice.

Then they might come closer and sigh. Oh, it's only a dragon, it deserved it, no pest could possibly survive a Berk winter; what had the demon been thinking?

Then they will go off, to feed and water the barn animals, take down the barrels of honey which they had strung up high in the trees for the Hippogriffs and sing songs which talk about the injustice of the poor robin that has to endure the blizzards.

Poor thing.

* * *

><p>British in its origins and believed to have originated in the 16th century history. 'The North Wind doth blow' uses the olde English word 'doth'. The purpose of the words to 'The North Wind doth blow' is to ensure that a child associates security with home whilst empathising with the plight of the robin.

_ _As suggested by Tagesh. If anyone else would like to recommend some rhymes, then just leave them in a review.__

14. Cut Thistles In May

Is he tough? Of course he's tough! Tough as guts! He's the hero, he's The Hiccup and he's the famous go-to-guy which everyone wants him to know who they areâ€|becauseâ€|you know he really can't phantom why.

By day he is The, by night, though, he is just he.

Don't get him wrong, sudden and unexpected love and popularity is good. Healthy even! Have you looked at all the free food that is offered to him by fluttering, gossiping wives? Well those muffins, (bigger than his head!), are very nutritious. Especially the berry and carrot ones.

He has changed this village, now instead of 90% weapons and 10% pots that have been cracked over husband's heads; the smith shop is working on a basis of 70% dragon equipment, 20% weapons and still 10% pots that have been cracked over husband's heads.

The wives always come in swearing that 'he really did deserve it this time Hiccup! If only all men were as good and brave as you!'

He just smiles, it's easier that way. Your stomach acid burns into you less when you don't engage in conversation with the gushing people and prolong the exposure. Because, he doesn't feel good and brave, he feels kind of worthless. He didn't do that much.

He makes these belts and chains for the dragons all day long, new designs and ideas growing in his head. But lately, his hands are slipping. Because they are beast of freedom and sky; how comfortable is it to be wrapped and buckled and strapped.

No matter how evil the dragon was, he still dreams of its screams. He killed it, something, living, breathing, lifeâ€| he doesn't deserve this.

Night sobers him; night treats him how he wants to be treated. As a murdered, as filth, as the one who causes those death row screams. As someone who, no, wasn't happy with just cutting out a heart, instead he brought chains and made the feared beast walk through town, made its last moments that of humiliation, it, ruler of skies and wielder of power stronger than its small capturer could possibly conceive.

He had it lead through town like a trained dog, put on display like a prized china bowl, let it wish for death if only to escape the shame.

That he, the feared, powerful, legendary Nightfury is limping after the runt Viking child, chains clinking and head bent.

That his execution was a show.

There was no honour left, there was no decency.

He was the one who cut out a dragon's heart just to show his father, like a child displaying his macaroni painting.

On second thought, no, this is not healthy at all, because it feels like the more he thinks back to that moment, the more he feels dead inside, the more he finally sees the emotions playing across the dragons alien face. The more he realises.

He tries to like this acceptance and love, if only for the warmth, but no matter how much they like him now, he's come to despises himself.

Somewhere, back there, he knew he did something terribly wrong. And now it's turned for the worse, now every dragon is slowly being twisted to fit their own set of chains.

Now life has taken a sharp turn downwards.

And he's the reason why, he cut too soon, before he got the chance to look into the dragon's eye.

_Cut thistles in May,___
>_They'll grow in a day;_

_Cut them in June,___
>_That is too soon;_

_Cut them in July,___
>_Then they will die_

* * *

><p>This rhyme has the purpose of introducing children to gardening and the seasons. It would usually be sung as people eradicated thistles, encouraging the time to pass quicker.

15. Wash the Dishes

_Wash the dishes, wipe the dishes, _

Ring the bell for tea.

The sharp sound of a ringing bell was cutting through the air. It was dinner time.

Almost impressively, the dragons all rise into the air from where they were, curled in the barns, on the doorsteps, out in the fieldsâ€|they all raise as one and come for the prepared meal of fish guts, cow horns and old mutton. Things humans weren't too fond of, but, by jolly god, the dragons did love.

As they start to land and line up for their portions, conversations start to arise as well. Now to any Viking it would all just be chirps and hums, but to these dragonsâ€|

"You right?" A freckly red dragon asked his neighbour

"You right?" The blue neighbour responded kindly in turn, both in such a good mood from the smells of the food awaiting them that a friendly chat was more than welcome.

"Looking forward to some fish?" The red one asked, taking a hold of the first subject that crossed his mind.

"I'm more of a meat dragon really." Said the blue, shrugging her shoulders in an uncommitted way.

"Of course, of course! I should have known, you're a Sapphire dragon, aren't you? Yes, I should have realised." The red one was shaking his head from side to side, dismayed at his lack of tact. The blue one's wings rose a little bit in concern.

"Don't hard press yourself about it, it's just chitter-chatter." She whistled in their dragon speak. A lull in the conversation started as the red dwelled on how much of a fool his was in front of such a pretty dragon. The blue took responsibility of the conversation on herself.

"So were you one of the dragons out collecting the harvest?" She asked, quite a few of her friends had been flown out today to the grain fields.

"Oh no, I had to stay behind. Got my wisdom teeth out, doctor ordered me to rest." The blue's eyebrows shot up; the harvest was hard work and they needed all the help they could get. Why, she had tried to go as well but, also on infuriating doctor's orders, she had to stay behind and watch her clutch. With being so close to hatching and all. "Yep, little big I wasn't permitted to go out and help on account of my healing mouth." He said it with a bit of scorn, smacking his teeth together when they were mentioned to demonstrate how strong and big they were even though, which made the blue lady dragon perk up, maybe he wasn't a total Nancy boy than.

As the two's chatter got more and more involved, the dragon behind them rolled his eyeballs. Bean and Sapphire dragons were both from the same family as the Naddars, the Naff family. He shuddered at the internal mention of the pretentious gene of reptile. All ready he could catch phrases in the two's conversation that signified their separate cultures.

"I meet this old dragon yesterday, a fine chap he was!" The red one began, blowing up his chest in pride of the story he was about to tell.

"It really took the biscuit for the day, I tell you now." And now, as he listens back in, the blue female was detailing a happy event which she had experienced yesterday.

"And it was all going tickity-boo until this great, big, ugly she-dragon appearedâ€¦!" The red dragged his wings up and curtaining his face in shadows in an effort to demonstrate just how evil this lady dragon was that he has meet on his questionable adventures.

"And I mean- what a _wanker_!" Suddenly, yet again, something in the red's tale had sparked a memory of the blue's which she proceeded to share.

"I turned the corner and there they were! Hanky-panking behind the cove the entire time!" The resolution of the long, tall tale.

The blue female gasped, not at all as unemotional as the dragon listening in (to dissipate his boredom) behind them.

"Co blimey!" Dear god, through the frustrated Zippleback, theses Nuff's conversations certainly went places.

All around him he could hear the vast accents of the different dragon families. The Gronkle's greeting each other with a numerous head butts, cheek kisses and a "it'vs greets tov see you'll her'v!" The Tiny Terrors and Garden dragon's bobbing their heads in greeting and 'hea-ooo, nice dey?" The Nightmare's lazy "g'day"'s.

It's a confusion of accents that dragons have come to accept, but this dragon thinks that the humans would be quite surprised to learn about this. After all, they associate accent with _place_ not _breed_.

That's too bad, because most thoroughly enjoy the muddle of it all. A gift from Mother Nature (the kind, kind, lady, bless her soul and May it rest well upon soft yolk) when she warmed them full of life, she kissed them all in different places upon their cheeks and lips.

Different talks, the elders mutter to curious hatchlings, are a gift from Mother Nature (the kind, kind, lady, bless her soul and May it rest well upon soft yolk).

Still, this dragon dose not appreciate-

Suddenly, a crazy eyed dragon flies straight at him, slamming them both to the ground.

"Oh, ah, I am so sorry partner! You know I had shouted a warning, but, funny as always, not many dragons' understood me!" Rapidly the un-aerodynamic dragon paused from brushing himself clean and testing his wings and fins for any tears.

"Well! If it isn't the gosh darndest thing? Grumble, long time no

see! May I take your time to say How'dy?"

There is a rumble further down the line, and from the indiscernible rumblings that can be heard over the chatter and chitter of the language confused dragon community, they're saviour had just arrived. The black bringer of vengeance himself, the unholy child of lightning and death in personâ€|the _Nightfury_â€|

"Hey manne! Move ya bok-side! I take ya ta blud-fiah if ya donna move ya batty outa ma ways! Jeezum! Way yo'd ca-mn from?"

Great, fearless, leaderâ€|

Three good wishes, three good kisses,

I will give to thee.

* * *

><p>This rhyme can not be found in one of the most comprehensive collections of nursery rhymes called The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes (1951). However, it can be found in _The Annotated Mother Goose_ (1962), in the section entitled "Modern Mother Goose"._

16. Ring-a ring o'rosie

Ring-a-ring o' rosie

A pocket full of posies

To Sto-icky

I'm sorry for saing u wer stoupid and I did not meen to hert yor feelins.

To Vallastupidhammar

I'm sorry for saying you were icky

To Stoick

I got him to talk- yor axe is in that huntin shed at your Uncles house. You shold tri talken instead of hitten people; I know, becuse it all ways worchs for me -you don't get yor toys taken as much.

I want my cherry tart by the end of shcool tomorrow

From The Great I

To Valhallarama

You ain't getting no cherry tart from me! And I shall continu to punch people because I am a VIKING and thats what I DO!

From the ACTUAL Great One.

Dear Stoick

I have written to you to ask if you would please consider writing a referee letter for me. I am applying for a new job with the catapult division. Could you please emphasize on my beauty, wit, strength and amazing achievement over such a short career in the Barricades.

Thankyou

From Valhallarama - Tenth Barricade Captain

Dear Valhallarama

I know what you're trying to pull. No, I am not writing a letter filled with me praising you. Never.

Find someone more appropriate. I wish you luck in your application, I think the catapult division will suit you far better than the Barricades. You know, off the front linesâ€|because you're a wuss.

From Stoick the Vast

To the Chieftain

I am writing to request a repositioning in the Viking taskforce. I am a wee bit caught up in sickness and I am afraid that I will never fully recover Chief Sir. Gobbler has sent in his expression of interest to take my place. She was thinking maybe a job as the teacher at the dragon school or a weapon tester.

From the First Barricade Captain

Dear Valhallarama

The doctor said no work, not slow work. I cannot allow this; did you think that I had assistants respond to these sorts of requests or something? Did you think that getting Gobbler to write it would help disguised your attempt? Not using your name didn't help ya very much. You're infection is a permanent, recurring, five degree sickness- no matter what you are ****never, ever, getting back into the workforce**** missy!

Chieftain Stoick the Vast

Dear Chieftain Stoick the Vast

I have met the three chiefs of the Southern Islands. They are all in agrees and shall pigeonwing their documents detailing the specific arrangements individually. There has been difficulty establishing supplement relations with the Bog-Burglars, so maybe you should be more friendly next gathering (and from what I've been told, a differenttype of "friendly"; Chief).

All problems are worked out, being worked on or do not exist. I don't know why the council table insisted on a mid-voyage report, but it's annoying. It took me two hours to find someone who could spell to write this out for me. One of these days I'm going to pull a runaway, and it will be glorious.

Yours Aye,

Valhallarama

Dear Valhallarma

I know you've been presumed dead for a few years now, but I just decided to write to you for the closer.

Our sons doing well, he'd done some remarkable things umâ€|he defeated an evil queen dragon and befriended a Nigh fury.

...

Umâ€|the village is growingâ€|

â€|

These days I look out my window and don't have the impulse to scan the horizon for a coming raid of dragons. Instead, I see that they are already in my village, playing hide and seek with the children.

...

They found a cure for you disease last year,

Just, if you were interested in that, or, yeahâ€|

â€|

Yours Aye,

Chieftain Stoick the Vast

_ "A-tishoo! A-tishoo!" _

_ We all fall down! _

17. Star Light

_ Star light, star bright, _

>_ First star I see tonight. _ I wish I may, I wish I might, _

>_ Have the wish I wish tonight. _

Hiccup stood by the window, watching the stars intently, as if he was sure they were about to get up to mischief if he dared to turned away.

Astrid rose from where she had been sleeping on the bed, wrapping the blanket tight around her, trying to keep out the cold.

"What are you doing?" She asked sleepily, standing beside Hiccup, trying to understand what sparkled out there and dared to take the attention away from her.

"Thinking." Hiccup replied softly, "I couldn't get to sleep," he answer vaguely, for even he did not truly know why he was so restless

tonight.

Hiccup was shirtless as he leaned against the window pane and Astrid shivered in sympathy, imagining the cold that he would be feeling at that moment, seeping its icy fingers into the bloodstream. She supposed that he was used to extreme cold, with flying the speeds he did at the altitudes no one but he and his dragon could reach.

"You need sleep," she mumbled against Hiccups solid and dappled back.

She expected his bare skin to be cold, but it was still warm under her lips as she kissed his neck, hoping for him to come to bed and offer her some extra body heat yet again.

Hiccup turned and watched her from the corner of his eye, his attention focused back on her (just how she liked it).

"Do you want something, Astrid?"

"You need to rest, Hiccup, stop thinking about the stars like a dandy."

"I told you; I couldn't sleep, there's too much to keep me thinking tonight." But his eyes glowed as he turned and curved around her, his hands slipping under her blanket.

Breathe catching; she rested her head against his chest, listening to his heart beat thump., running her fingers over his familiar body. Having to swallow hard before she said,

"Well maybe I could help with that."

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Credit needs to be given to G_eek Mama_ and her live journal drabble for the idea of this chapter.

18. Pussy Cat, Lazy Cat

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?

Toothless likes clouds. He was raised in the clouds.

Pussy, where have you been today?

Today, Toothless and Hiccup are going up into the clouds.

I've been to London to visit the queen

The clouds around him glisten, like they are nobles and sunlight is their jewellery.

In the meadows, asleep in the hay.

Some people describe clouds as being made of cotton or wool. No, clouds are made of dew. So when he and Hiccup fly through them, they feel like they have just rolled in a misty morning pasture, damp hay stuck along their slickened skin.

Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?

Toothless has come to terms with the fact that his only purpose in life is to be Hiccup's personal luxury vehicle. His food is given to him, his den is cleaned for him, his nuisance scales are pulled off for him. No war, no battles, no missions, no reason.

Pussy, you are a lazy cat,

And Toothless is delighted by that thought.

I frightened a little mouse under her chair

Sometimes, when Hiccup is taking him for a ride, Toothless likes to imagine him being back in his prime. Prowling through the clouds, the lone ranger, the storm totem, the big small black beast. How he used to make no noise, silent flight, and blend seamlessly with the pristine clouds, ambushing dragons from the air - thrice his size and no less than that.

The mother's used to say to their naïve offspring. You think a Night fury -amongst the white and periwinkle blues with the sun making his scales glisten gold- is fierce enough?

If you have done no more than that.

Wait until you get caught in a storm.

19. I Have Ten Fingers

I have ten tiny fingers,

Ten tiny toes,

Two eyes two ears,

And a little nose,

My hands are clean and ready

To clap from three to four;

My feet are waiting for a chance,

To walk upon the floor

Hiccup's run away

Stoick's health does fray

The town does pray

For Hiccup's dashed away

Astrid thinks she knows
The reasons why he goes
But she keeps a vigilant pose
And no one but her will know
And his bedroom lays untouched
Small shoes, small bed, small trunk
Stoick can't bear the junk
So Gobbler tries his luck
And into Hiccup's room Gobbler digs
He finds a journal full of wings
And it has the most peculiar things
Like blue prints, machine's and rigs
Now Hiccup's secret is the news of the hour
How the boy helped a beast regain its power
How Stoick does shout his horror from the towers
What Gobbler thought was sweet, now sour

End
file.